

**BEAUTY - The Sonnet Collection I**

I.

Atop thy head it sits with grace and style  
A crown of shimmering ebony splendor  
Powers above nor below can defile  
It's sheer radiance and feeling so tender  
A picture of simple sophistication  
Which men fantasize of when all alone  
Lustrous strands of forbidden temptation  
Framing thine face with a panache all your own  
It's short elan bespeaks of royalty  
Winning the hearts of men everywhere  
You are most assuredly my shniggly  
And I, your loyal bard, shall always care  
For although thy hair is but one fragment  
I love it as much as any segment

II.

Auburn eyes of a most warm radiance  
Igniting my heart aflame with desire  
They fill the room with a keen ambiance  
Like the energy of a thousand fires  
Such modest orbs conceal their true nature  
From all but those who deeply drink them in  
A honey sweeter than ambrosia pure  
A feeling so good it must be a sin  
For in each one contains the universe  
To gaze too long would be to lose yourself  
If in their truth should you choose to immerse  
Happiness is the reward for oneself  
Every time that wonder I behold  
Blissfully cuddle softly with thy soul

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### III.

I ponder endlessly upon thine lips  
A paradox of sensuous virtue  
Where the mind and hearts expressions do mix  
With words as crisp as the mornings first dew  
And from thine lips an angels voice is heard  
A divine melody of tenderness  
Causing tears of bliss to flow undeterred  
As a long lost lovers yearned for caress  
They silently speak of sweet seduction  
Innocently whisper passions untold  
The chaste instrument of a man's destruction  
For which even the devils soul was sold  
And in mine dreams, pulled into the abyss  
As your lips I do rapturously kiss

### IV.

Possessing beauty born not from the mold  
But the origin from whence it was cast  
Ageless beauty a wonder to behold  
The basis of mythic goddesses past  
A face whose features are so sacrosanct  
That it would be blasphemy to deny  
Such stunning countenance my mind goes blank  
And am left breathless except for a sigh  
The spark of jealousy does manifest  
In the hearts of women when you appear  
For such allurement they wholly detest  
Loss of man's assiduity they fear  
Now your presence need no longer be yearned  
For thine visage in my eyes is burned